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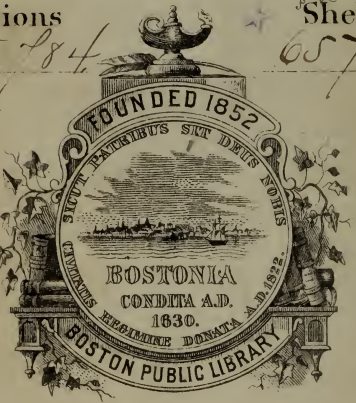

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THE

MILLER AND HIS MEN,

A MELO-DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. POCOCK, ESQ.

PHILADELPHIA:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	PHILADELPHIA.
Count Frederick Friberg	*Mr. T. Jefferson*
Lothair, *a young peasant*	*Wood*
Kelmar, *an old cottager*	*Hathwell*
Karl, *servant of count Frederic*	*Jefferson*
Grindoff, *the miller*	*Duff*
Riber, *a robber,*	*Abercrombie*
Golotz, *ditto*	*Durang*

Robbers—attendants.

Claudine, *Kelmar's daughter*	*Mrs. Claude*
Ravina	*Lefolle*

SCENE—*a river's banks on the borders of a forest in Bohemia.*

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*the banks of a river—on the right a rocky eminence, on which is a windmill at work—cottage in front—sunset—music as the scene opens—a boat is pushed to the shore by a miller—he beckons to others who advance from the side, bearing sacks which they place in the boat—with the concluding symphony the boat is seen to leave the bank, and enter a crevice in the rock beneath the mill—the millers depart, and old* KELMAR *enters from the cottage.*

Kel. What! more sacks, more grist to the mill! early and late the miller thrives; he that was my tenant is now my landlord; this hovel that once sheltered him, is now the only dwelling of bankrupt broken-hearted Kelmar:—well, I strove my best against misfortune, and thanks be to heaven have fallen respected—even by my enemies.—So, Claudine, you are returned.—(*enter* CLAUDINE *with a basket*)—Where staid you so long?

Clau. I was obliged to wait ere I could cross the ferry;—there were other passengers.

Kel. Amongst whom I suppose was one in whose company time flew so fast, the sun had set before you had observed it.

Clau. No, indeed, father, since you desired me not to meet Lothair—and I told him what you had desired—I have never seen him but in the cottage here, when you were present.

Kel. You are a good girl—a dutiful child, and I believe you never yet deceived me.

Clau. Nor ever will, dear father:—but—

Kel. But what?

Clau. I—I find it very lonely passing the borders of the forest without—without—

Kel. Without Lothair?

Clau. You know 'tis dangerous, father.

Kel. Not half so dangerous as love—subdue it, child, in time.

Clau. But the robbers?

Kel. Robbers! what then!—they cannot injure thee or thy father!—alas, we have no more to lose—yet, thou hast one treasure left—innocence!—guard well thy heart, for should the fatal passion there take root, 'twill rob thee of thy peace.

Clau. You told me once, love's impulse could not be resisted.

Kel. When the object is worthless, it should not be indulged.

Clau. Is Lothair worthless?

Kel. No—but he is poor, almost as you are.

Clau. Do riches without love give happiness?

Kel. Never.

Clau. Then I must be unhappy if I wed the miller Grindoff.

Kel. Not so—not so—independence gives comfort, but love without competence is endless misery—you can never wed Lothair.

Clau. (*sighing*) I can never love the miller.

Kel. Then you shall never marry him—though to see you Grindoff's wife be the last wish of your old father's heart—go in, child; go in, Claudine. (*Claudine kisses his hand, and goes into the cottage*) 'Tis plain her heart is rivetted to Lothair, and honest Grindoff yet must sue in vain. I know not how to act; the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected, embitters every moment that I live. She has been my only joy, my only comfort, through an age of sorrow! to deny Lothair will but increase her hatred to the miller—I know not how to act.

enter LOTHAIR.

Lot. Ah! Kelmar, and alone!—where is Claudine?

Kel. At home, in her father's house,—where should she be?

Lot. Then she has escaped; she is safe, and I am happy; I did not accompany her in vain.

Kel. Accompany!—accompany!—has she then told me a falsehood?—were you with her, Lothair?

Lot. No—yes—yes (*aside*) I must not alarm him.

Kel. What mean these contradictions?

Lot. She knew not I was near her: you have denied our meeting:—but you cannot prevent me from loving her.—I have watched her daily through the village, and through the borders of the forest.

Kel. I thank you: but she needs no guard; her poverty will protect her from a thief.

Lot. Will her beauty protect her from a libertine?

Kel. Her virtue will.

Lot. I doubt it: what can her resistance avail against the powerful arm of villany?

Kel. Is there such a wretch?

Lot. There is.

Kel. Lothair, Lothair! I fear you glance at the miller Grindoff. That is not well; this is not just.

Lot. Kelmar, you wrong me; 'tis true he is my enemy, for he bars my road to happiness. Yet I respect his character; the riches that industry has gained him he employs in assisting the unfortunate—he has protected you and your child, and I honour him.

Kel. If not to Grindoff, to whom did you allude?

Lot. Listen:—As I crossed the hollow way in the forest where the old oaks twine their huge arms across, and make the road most gloomy, I heard a rustling in the copse. Claudine had reached the bank above. As I was following, voices, subdued and whispering, struck my ear. Her name distinctly was pronounced: "she comes," said one; "now! now we may secure her," cried the second: and instantly two men advanced; a sudden exclamation burst from my lips, and arrested their intent; they turned to seek me, and with dreadful imprecations vowed death to the intruder. Stretched beneath a bush of holly I lay concealed; they passed within my reach; I scarcely breathed, while

I observed them to be ruffians, uncouth and savage!—they were banditti.

Kel. Banditti! are they not yet content? all that I had—all that the hand of Providence had spared, they have deprived me of; and would they take my child?

Lot. 'Tis plain they would. Now, Kelmar, hear the last proposal of him you have rejected. Without Claudine my life is but a blank; useless to others, and wretched to myself, it shall be risked to avenge the wrongs you have suffered. I'll seek these robbers; if I should fall, your daughter will more readily obey your wish, and become the wife of Grindoff. If I should succeed, promise her to me. The reward I shall receive will secure our future comfort, and thus your fears and your objections both are satisfied.

Kel. (*affected*) Lothair, thou art a good lad, a noble lad, and worthy my daughter's love; she had been freely thine, but that by sad experience I know how keen the pangs of penury are to a parent's heart. My sorrows may descend to her when I am gone, but I have nothing to bequeath her else.

Lot. Then you consent?

Kel. I do, I do; but pray be careful. I fear 'tis a rash attempt; you must have help.

Lot. Then indeed I fail as others have before me. No, Kelmar, I must go alone, pennyless, unarmed, and secretly. None but yourself must know my purpose, or my person.

Kel. Be it as you will; but pray be careful: come, thou shalt see her. (*the mill stops*)

Lot. I'll follow; it may be my last farewell.

Kel. Come in. I see the mill has stopped. Grindoff will be here anon; he always visits me at nightfall, when labour ceases. Come— [*exit Kelmar*

Lot. Yes, at the peril of my life I'll seek them.—with the juice of herbs my face shall be discoloured, and in the garb of misery I'll throw myself within their power—the rest I leave to Providence; but the miller comes. [*exit into the cottage*

music—the sails of the mill are furled—the boat with the

MILLER *rowed by one of his men appears in perspective coming from the crag in the rock—as it disappears on the opposite side the two robbers,* RIBER *and* GOLOTZ, *enter hastily, &c.*

Ri. We are too late—she has reached the cottage.

Go. Curse on the interruption that detained us; we shall be rated for this failure.

Ri. Hush! not so loud. (*goes cautiously to the window of the cottage*) Ha! Lothair.

Go. Lothair! 'twas he then that marred our purpose; he shall smart for't.

Ri. Back—back; he comes. On his return he dies: he cannot pass us both. (*music*)

they retire as the boat draws up to the bank, the MILLER *jumps ashore—*LOTHAIR *at the same moment enters from the cottage.*

Gri. Lothair! (*appears disconcerted*)

Lot. Ay!—my visit here displeases you, no doubt.

Gri. Nay, we are rivals, but not enemies. I trust we love the same girl; we strive the best we can to gain her—if you are fortunate I'll wish you joy with all my heart; if I should have the luck on't, you'll do the same by me I hope.

Lot. You have little fear; I am poor, you are rich. He needn't look far that would see the end on't.

Gri. But you are young and likely. I am honest and tough; the chances are as much yours as mine.

Lot. Well, time will show. I bear you no enmity. Farewell!

Gri. He must not pass the forest. (*aside*) Whither go you?

Lot. To the village!—I must haste, or 'twill be late ere I reach the ferry.

Gri. Stay, my boat shall put you across the river.

Ri. (*who with Golotz watch them from the side*) He will escape us yet.

Gri. Besides—the evening looks stormy, come—it will save your journey half a league.

Ri. It will save his life!

Lot. Well, I accept your offer, and I thank you.

Gri. Your hand.

Lot. Farewell! (*he goes to the boat*)

Ri. Curse on this chance ; we have lost him.

Go. But a time may come—(*the boat goes off*)

Ri. A time shall come!

Gri. So I am rid of him; if he had met Claudine!—but she is safe—now then for Kelmar.

[*exit to the cottage*

SCENE II—*the forest—distant thunder*—KARL *enters, dragging after him a portmanteau.*

Kar. Here's a pretty mess!—here's a precious spot of work!—pleasant upon my soul—lost in a labyrinth without love or liquor—the sun gone down, a storm got up, and no getting out of this vile forest, turn which way one will.

Fri. (*without*) Halloo, Karl! Karl!

Kar. Ah, you may call and bawl, master of mine, you'll not disturb any thing here but a wild boar or two, and a wolf perhaps.

enter FRIBERG.

Fri. Karl, where are you!

Kar. Where am I! that's what I want to know! this cursed wood has a thousand turnings, and not one that turns right.

Fri. Careless coxcomb, said you not you would remember the track!

Kar. So I should, sir, if I could find the path,—but trees will grow, and since I was here last, the place has got so bushy and briery, that—that I have lost the way.

Fri. You have lost your senses.

Kar. No, sir, I wish I had—unfortunately, my senses are all in the highest state of perfection.

Fri. Why not use them to more effect?

Kar. I wish I'd the opportunity; my poor stomach can testify that I taste—

Fri. What?

Kar. Nothing, it's as empty as my head: but I see

danger, smell a tempest, hear the cry of wild beasts, and feel—

Fri. How?

Kar. Particularly unpleasant. (*thunder*) Oh, we are in for it; do you hear, sir?

Fri. We must be near the river, could we but reach the ferry, 'tis but a short league to the chateau Friberg.

Kar. Ah! sir, I wish we were there, and I seated in the old arm chair in the servant's hall talking of—halloa!

Fri. What now?

Kar. I felt a drop of rain on my nose as big as a bullet; (*thunder*) there, there, there it's coming on again—seek some shelter, sir; some hollow tree, whilst I, for my sins, endeavour once more to find the way and endure another curry-combing among these cursed brambles.—Come, sir, (*storm increases*) lord, how it rumbles;—this way, sir—this way. [*exeunt*

SCENE III—*a room in the cottage—door and window, fire on one side, table, chairs, &c.*—GRINDOFF *and* KELMAR *discovered.*

Kel. 'Tis a rough night, miller; the thunder roars; and by the murmuring of the flood the mountain torrents have descended—poor Lothair, he'll scarcely have crossed the ferry.

Gri. Lothair by this is safe at home, old friend; before the storm commenced I passed him in my boat across the river. (*aside*) He seems less anxious for his daughter than this bold stripling.

Kel. Worthy man you'll be rewarded for all such deeds hereafter;—thank heaven, Claudine is safe; hark! (*thunder heard*)

Gri. She is safe by this time, or I am much mistaken. (*aside*)

Kel. She will be here anon.

Gri. I doubt that. (*aside*) Come here's to her health, old Kelmar; would I could call you father!

Kel. You may do so soon, but even your protection would now, I fear, be insufficient to—

Gri. What mean you?—insufficient!

Kel. The robbers—this evening in the forest—

Gri. Ha!

Kel. Did not Lothair then tell you?

Gri. Lothair!

Kel. Yes—but all's well; be not alarmed, see, she is here.

Gri. Here!

at this moment CLAUDINE *enters, and Grindoff evidently suppresses his surprise.*

Claudine! curse on them both.

Kel. Both! how knew you there were two!

Gri. 'Sdeath—you—you said robbers, did you not? they never have appeared but singly, therefore I thought you meant two.

Kel. You are right; but for Lothair they had deprived me of my child.

Gri. How! did Lothair? humph! he's a courageous youth.

Cla. That he is; but he's gentle too. What has happened?

Kel. Nothing, child! nothing; (*aside to Gr.*) do not speak on't, 'twill terrify her. Come, Claudine, now for supper. What have you brought us?

Cla. Thanks to the miller's bounty—plenty.

Kel. The storm increases! (*a voice heard from without, "holloa, holloa!"*) and hark! I heard a voice; listen! (*a voice without "holloa."*)

Cla. The cry of some bewildered traveller. (*the cry is repeated, and a violent knock at the door*)

Kel. Open the door.

Gri. Not so! it may be dangerous.

Kel. Danger comes in silence and in secret; it was never shut against the wretched while I knew prosperity, nor shall it be closed now to my fellows in misfortune. Open the door I say. (*the knock is repeated, and Claudine opens it.*)

KARL *enters with a portmanteau.*

Kar. Why in the name of dark nights and tempests did'nt you open the door at first; have you no charity?

Kel. In our hearts plenty ;—in our gifts but little !—yet all we have is yours.

Kar. Then I'll share all you have with my master;—thank you, old gentleman ; you won't fare the worse for sheltering honest Karl, and count Frederick Friberg.

Gri. Friberg !

Ker. Ay, I'll soon fetch him ;—he's waiting now, looking as melancholy as a mourning coach in a snow storm, at the foot of a tree as wet as a drowned rat ;—so stir up the fire, bless you ; clap on the kettle, give us the best eatables and drinkables you have, a clean table-cloth, a couple of warm beds—and don't stand upon ceremony ; we'll accept every civility and comfort you can bestow upon us without scruple.

(*throws down the portmanteau and exit*)

Gri. Friberg.!

Cla. 'Tis the young count so long expected.

Kil. Can it be possible ! without attendants, and at such a time too ?

Gri. (*looking at the portmanteau, on which is the name in brass nails*) It must be the same : Kelmar, goodnight.

Kel. Nay, not yet, the storm rages.

Gri. I fear it may increase ; your visitors may not like my company ; good night. (*as he goes to the door count* FREDERICK *enters, followed by* KARL, *and stopping suddenly eyes the miller, as recollecting him—Grindoff appears to avoid his scrutiny*)

Fri. Your kindness is well timed, we might have perished ; accept my thanks. I should know that face. (*aside*)

Gri. To me your thanks are not due.

Fri. That voice too !

Gri. This house is Kelmar's.

Fri. Kelmar's !

Kel. Ay, my dear master, my fortunes have deserted me, but my attachment to your family still remains.

Fri. Worthy old man ; how happens this ; the richest tenant of my late father's land, the honest, the faithful Kelmar in a hovel ?

Kel. It will chill your hearts to hear.

Kar. Then don't tell us pray, for our bodies are crampt with cold already.

Kel. 'Tis a terrible tale.

Kar. Then for the love of a good appetite and a dry skin don't tell it: for I've been terrified enough in the forest to-night to last me my life.

Fri. Be silent, Karl. [*retires with Kelmar*

Gri. In—in the forest?

Kar. Ay.

Gri. What should alarm you there?

Kar. What should alarm me there? come, that's a good one. Why first I lost my way; trying to find that, I lost the horses; then I tumbled into a quagmire, and nearly lost my life.

Gri. Pshaw! this is of no consequence.

Kar. Is'nt it? I have endured more hardships since morning than a knight-errant. My head's broke, my body's bruised, and my joints are dislocated. I hav'nt three square inches about me but what's scarified with briars and brambles; and above all I have not tasted a morsel of food since sun-rise. Egad, instead of my making a meal of any thing, I've been in constant expectation of the wolves making a meal of me.

Gri. Is this all!

Kar. All!—no, it's not all; pretty well though too, I think: when I recovered the path I met two polite gentlemen with long knives in their hands.

Gri. Hey!

Kar. And because I refused a kind invitation of their's, they sported, affronted, and were just on the point of ending all my troubles, when up came my master.

Gri. Well!

Kar. Yes, it was well indeed, for after a struggle they made off; one of them left his sting behind though; look, here's a poker to stir up a man's courage with! (*showing a poniard*)

Gri. A poniard.

Kar. Ay.

Gri. Give it me.

Kar. For what? it's lawful spoil, did'nt I win it in battle? no, I'll keep it as a trophy of my victory.

Gri. It will be safer in my possession, it may lead to a discovery of him who wore it ; and—

Kar. It may ; you are right ; therefore I'll deliver it into the hands of count Fred.; he'll soon ferret the rascals out ; set a reward on their heads—5000 crowns dead or alive ! now that's the way to manœuvre 'em. Humph ! don't like that chap—never saw such a ferocious black muzzle in my life ;—that fellow's a wolf in sheep's clothing. (*aside*)

Gri. Humph ! (*retires*)

Fr. Nay, nay, speak of it no more. I will not take an old man's bed to ease my youthful limbs ; I have slept soundly on a ruder couch, and that chair shall be my resting-place.

Cla. The miller's man, Riber, perhaps can entertain his excellency better, father ; he keeps the Flask here on the hill, sir.

Gri. His house contains but one bed.

Kar. Only one !

Gri. And that is occupied.

Kar. The devil it is !

Fri. It matters not, I am contented here.

Kar. That's more than I am.

Gri. But stay, perchance his guest has left it, if so 'tis at count Frederick's service. I'll bring you word. I may now prevent surprise, (*aside*) the storm has ceased ; I will return immediately. (*Grindoff as he goes out throws down the sheath of a dagger*)

Fri. Kelmar, tell me, who is that man ? (*eagerly*)

Kel. The richest tenant, sir, you have : what Kelmar was when you departed for Bohemia, Grindoff now is.

Fri. Grindoff !—I remember in my youth, a favoured servant of my father's, who resembled him in countenance and voice, the recollection is strong upon my memory, but I hope deceives me, for he was a villain who betrayed his trust.

Kel. I have heard the circumstance, it happened just before I entered your good father's service ;- his name was Wolf.

Fri. The same.

Kar. And if this is not the same I suspect he is a very near relation.

Kel. (*angrily*) Nay, sir, you mistake;—Grindoff is my friend; come Claudine, is all ready?

Kar. Oh, it's a sore subject, is it? (*he retires*) your friend, is he, old gentleman?—sir—sir—(*apart to Fri.*)

Fri. (*who has become thoughtful*) Well! what say you?

Kar. I don't like our quarters, sir; we are in a bad neighbourhood.

Fri. I fear we are; Kelmar's extreme poverty may have tempted him to league with—yet his daughter.

Kar. His daughter! a decoy: nothing but a trap; don't believe her, sir; we are betrayed, murdered if we stay here. I'll endure any thing, every thing, if you will but depart, sir. Dark nights, bad roads, hail, rain, assassins; and—hey! what's this? (*sees and picks up the scabbard of the dagger dropped by Grindoff*) oh, lord, what's the matter with me; and (*here he sheathes the dagger in it and finds it fit*) fits to a hair—we are in the lion's den!

Fri. 'Tis evident, we are snared, caught.

Kar. O lord!—don't say so.

Fri. Kelmar, I have bethought me; at every peril, I must on to-night.

Kel. To-night!

Cla. Not to-night I beseech you, you know not half your danger.

Kar. Danger! cockatrice! (*aside*) I'll thank you for that portmanteau.

Fri. Let it remain—(*apart to Karl*) it may be an object to them, 'tis none to me:—it will be safer here with *honest* Kelmar.

Kel. But why so sudden?

Kar. My master has recollected something that must be done to-night—or to-morrow it may be out of his power.

Cla. Stay till the miller returns.

Kar. Till he returns! (*aside*) Ah, the fellow's gone to get assistance, and if he comes before we escape we shall be cut and hashed to mince-meat.

Fri. Away! (*as Fri. advances to the door* GRINDOFF *enters suddenly*)

Kar. It is all over with us.

Kel. Well, friend, what success?

Gri. Bad enough; the count must remain here.

Fri. Must remain!

Gri. There is no resource.

Kar. I thought so.

Gri. To-morrow Riber can dispose of you both.

Kar. Dispose of us!—(*aside*) Ay, put us to bed with a spade; that fellow's a grave-digger.

Fri. Then I must cross the ford to-night.

Gri. Impossible; the torrent has swept the ferry barge from the shore and driven it down the stream.

Kar. Perhaps your boat?

Gri. Mine! 'twould be madness to resist the current now; and in the dark too.

Fri. What reward may tempt you?

Gri. Not all you are worth, sir, until to-morrow.

Kar. To-morrow!—ah! we are crow's meat to a certainty. (*aside*)

Gri. (*looking askance round the room*) All is right, they have got the scabbard, and their suspicions now must fall on Kelmar, (*aside*) [*exit Grindoff*

Fri. Well, we must submit to circumstances. (*aside to Karl*) Do not appear alarmed, when all is still we may escape.

Kar. Why not now?—there are only two of 'em.

Fri. There may be others near.

(*Music—Claudine tenderly detains Friberg, Kelmar the same with Karl—and the group is enclosed*)

SCENE IV—*representing the depth of the forest—enter* LOTHAIR, *whose dress and complexion are entirely changed, his habiliments are wretched, &c.*

Lot. This way, this—in the moaning of the blast, at intervals, I heard the tread of feet; and as the moon's light burst from the stormy clouds, I saw two figures glide like departed spirits to this deep glen—now heaven prosper me, for my hope is desperate! ah, they come!

(*music—enter* RIBER—GOLOTZ *follows—they look round cautiously—then advance to a particular rock, which is nearly concealed by underwood and roots of trees*)

Lot. Hold ! (*the robbers start and eye him with ferocious surprise*) so my purpose is accomplished, at last I have discovered you.

Ri. Indeed ! it will cost you dear.

Lot. It has already—I have been hunted through the country ; but now my life is safe.

Ri. Safe !

Lot. Ay, is it not ? would you destroy a comrade ? look at me, search me, I am unarmed, defenceless ! defenceless !

Go. Why come you hither ?

Lot. To join your brave band—the honour of Bohemia.

Ri. How knew you our retreat ?

Lot. No matter ; in the service of Count Friberg I have been disgraced—and fly from punishment to seek revenge.

Go. (*to Riber*) How say you ?

Lot. They hesitate—(*aside*) the young count is far from home—and his name I may use without danger—lead me to your chief.

Ri. We will—not so fast, your sight must be concealed. (*offering to bind his forehead*)

Lot. Ah ! (*hesitates*) May I trust you ?

Go. Do you doubt ?

Ri. Might we not despatch you as you are.

Lot. Enough, (*they blind him*)—lead on.

(*music—Riber lets down a flat stone in the rock—Golotz leads Lothair to it—they enter, and he is drawn up*)

SCENE VI—*a cavern—banditti grouped—variously employed, chiefly carousing round a table—on which are flasks of wine, &c. &c. in the back ground, elevated, is seen a recess—steps rudely cut in the rock lead to it—on the right, other steps lead to an opening in the cave—music.*

enter RAVINA.

Rav. What !—carousing yet, sotting yet ?

1*st R.* How now, Ravina ; why so churlish !

Rav. To sleep, I say, or wait upon yourselves. I'll stay no longer from my couch to please you. Is it not enough that I toil from day-break, but you must disturb me ever with your midnight revelry ?

1*st R.* You were not wont to be so savage, woman.

Rav. You were not wont to be so insolent. Look you repent it not.

2*d R.* Pshaw! heed her no more. Jealousy hath soured her. I forgive her railing.

Rav. Forgive !

1*st R.* Ay, our leader seeks another mistress, and'tis rather hard upon thee I confess after five years captivity, hard service too ! and now that you are accustomed to our way of life ; we pity thee.

Rav. Pity me !—I am indeed an object of compassion. Seven long years a captive, hopeless still of liberty, habit has almost made my heart cold as those rude rocks that screen me from the light of heaven !—miserable, lost Ravina ! by dire necessity become an agent in their wickedness, yet pine for virtue and for freedom.

1*st Rob.* Leave us to our wine ; come, boys, fill all, fill full.

Robbers. Ay, ay, a health ! a health !

1*st Rob.* To our captain's bride.

Robbers. " To our captain's bride ?"

(*a single note on the bugle is heard from below*)

1*st R.* Hark ! 'tis from the lower cave. (*note repeated*) She comes : Ravina, look you to receive her as becomes the companion of our chief ; remember.

Rav. I shall remember. So, another victim to hypocrisy and guilt. Poor wretch, she loves, perhaps, as I did, the miller Grindoff; but, as I do, may live to execrate the outlaw and the robber.

the trap in the floor is thrown open, and RIBER *ascends, followed by* GOLOTZ *and* LOTHAIR.

Robbers. Hail to our new companion.

Rav. A man !

(*Lothair tears the bandage from his eyes as he arrives in the cave—the robbers start back on perceiving a man*)

Lot. Thanks for your welcome.

1*st R.* Who have we here ? speak !

Ri. A recruit ; where is the captain ?

1*st. R.* Where is the captain's bride ?

Ri. Of her hereafter. (*a bugle is heard above*)

Robbers. Wolf ! Wolf !

GRINDOFF *in robber's apparel, descends the opening, advances, and, seeing Lothair, starts.*

Gri. A stranger!

Lot. Grindoff! (*the robbers lay hands on swords, &c.*)

Gri. Ha! betrayed! who has done this?

Ri. I brought him hither, to——

Gri. Riber; humph! you have executed my orders well, have you not? where is Claudine?

Lot. Claudine! (*aside*) villain, hypocrite.

Gri. Know you Claudine, likewise?

Ri. She escaped us in the forest, some meddling fool thwarted our intent, and——

Gri. Silence, I know it all; a word with you presently: now, stranger, but I mistake: we should be old acquaintance, my name is so familiar to you, what is your purpose here?

Lot. Revenge.

Gri. On whom?

Lot. On one whose cruelty and oppression well deserve it.

Gri. His name?

Lot. [*aside*] Would I dare mention it.

Ri. He complains of count Friberg.

Gri. Indeed! then the object will be soon accomplished; he arrived this night, and shelters at old Kelmar's cottage; he shall never pass the river; should he once reach the chateau Friberg, it would be fatal to our band.

Lot. Arrived! [*aside*] what have I done! my fatal indiscretion has destroyed him.——Let him fall by my hand.

Gri. It may tremble, it trembles now! the firmest of our band have failed. [*looking at Riber*] Henceforth the enterprise shall be my own.

Lot. Let me accompany you.

Gri. Not to-night.

Lot. To-night.

Gri. Ay, before the dawn appears, he dies——Riber! (*Lothair clasps his hand in agony—Riber advances*)

Rav. What, more blood! must Friberg's life be added to the list?

Gri. It must; our safety claims it.

Rav. Short-sighted man! will not his death doubly arouse the sluggish arm of justice? is this your policy? the whole country, hitherto kept in awe by dissention and selfish fear, will join; reflect in time: beware their retribution!

Gri. When I need a woman's counsel, I'll seek it of the compassionate Ravina: Riber, I say. [*exit Ravina*

Ri. I wait your orders.

Gri. Look you, execute them better than the last, look to't! the count and his companion rest at Kelmar's; it must be done within an hour: arm and attend me: at the same time, I will secure Claudine; and should Kelmar's vigilance interpose to mar us, henceforth he shall be an inmate here.

Lot. Oh, villain!

Gri. How mean you?

Lot. Friberg; let me go with you.

Gri. You are too eager, I will not trust thy inexperience: trust you! what surety have we for your faith!

Lot. My oath.

Gri. Swear then never to desert the object, never to betray the cause for which you sought our band; revenge on——

Lot. On him, who has deeply, basely injured me, I swear it.

Gri. (*to Riber*) Quick, arm and attend me. (*Riber retires*) Are those sacks in the mill disposed of as I ordered?

1*st R.* They are.

Gri. Return with the flour to-morrow, and be careful that all assume the calmness of industry and content.——With such appearance, suspicion itself is blind; 'tis the safeguard of our band: come, drink to our new companion: your name?

Lot. Spiller.

Robbers. Spiller.

Gri. One goblet more, and then to the business, the miller and his men.

Robbers. The miller and his men!

[*Grindoff then puts on his miller's frock, hat, &c.—Riber advances, armed with pistols in his belt, a dark lanthorn, &c. and they retire up the opening*]

ACT II.

SCENE I—*scene represents the interior of Kelmar's*—FREDERICK *asleep in the chair reclining on a table, beneath which and at the opposite side near the fire,* KARL *is seen likewise asleep—Frederick's sword lies on the table—the fire nearly extinguished.*

enter CLAUDINE.

Cla. All still—all silent; the count and his companion are undisturbed!—what can it mean? my father wanders from his bed, restless as myself. Alas, the infirmities of age and sorrow afflict him sorely. Night after night I throw myself upon a sleepless couch ready to fly to his assistance, and—hush—hush!

as KELMAR *enters Claudine avoids him.*

Kel. They sleep—sleep soundly: ere they awake, I may return from my enquiry. If Grindoff's story was correct, I still may trust him; still may the count confide in him: but his behaviour last night, unusual and mysterious, hangs like a fearful dream upon my mind. His anxiety to leave the cottage, his agitation at the appearance of count Friberg; but above all, his assertion that the ferry-barge was lost, disturbs me. My doubts shall soon be ended. At this lone hour I may pass the borders unperceived, and the grey dawn that now glimmers in the east will direct my path.

[*looks about him as fearful of disturbing the sleepers—and exit.*]

Claudine advances.

Cla. Yes, it was my father. He appears unusually agitated—ah! it may be sometimes he wanders on the river's brink watching the bright orb of day burst from the dark trees, and breathes a prayer, a blessing for his child; yet 'tis early, very early! yet it may be! oh, father, my dear, dear father! [*exit*

Kar. Yaw! (*snoring*)—damn the rats! yaw! what a noise they keep—hey, where am I?—oh, in this infernal hovel; the night-mare has rode me into a jelly; then such horrible dreams, yaw! and such a swarm of rats; (*lays his hand on his poniard*) they'd better keep off, for

I am hungry enough to eat one—bew—eu (*shivering*) I wish it was morning.

(*a dark lanthorn borne by Riber has appeared at the window*—RIBER *half enters the room, but suddenly retires, observing a light occasioned by Karl's stirring the fire with his dagger,—this gives more light*)

Gri. Not yet—first to secure my prize—Claudine—these are safe.

Kar. How the varmint swarm.

Gri. Hush, he dreams.

Ri. It shall be his last.

Kar. Rats.

Ri. What says he?

Kar. Rats!—they all come from the mill.

Ri. Do they so!

Kar. Ay—set traps for 'em, poison 'em. (*Riber again attempting to advance, is detained by Grindoff*)

Gri. Again so rash—remember!

Kar. I shall never forget that fellow in the forest.

Ri. Ha—do you mark?

Gri. Fear them not, be still till I return: he is sound; none sleep so hard as those that babble in their dreams; stir not, I charge you; yet should Kelmar—ay—should you hear a noise without, instantly dispatch.

[*exit Grindoff*

Ri. Enough! (*at this time Karl again awakes, and observes Riber—he grasps his dagger, and watching the motion of the robber acts accordingly*) this delay is madness, but I must obey. (*he looks at the priming of his pistol then towards the table, Karl drops to his position*) Hey, a sword! (*he advances and removes it from the table*) Now all is safe—hark! (*a noise without as of something falling*) 'tis time—if this should fail my poniard will secure him. (*Riber advances hastily, and in the act of bringing his pistol to the level against Frederick, is stabbed by Karl, who has arisen and retreated behind the table to receive him—at the same instant* GRINDOFF *enters, and Frederick rushing from the chair at the noise of the pistol seizes him by the collar, and the group stand amazed—music*)

Fre. Speak, what means this?

Kar. They've caught a tartar, sir—that's all—hey! the miller! (*advancing*)

Gri. Ay !

Fre. How came you here ?

Gri. To—to do you service.

Fre. At such an hour !

Gri. 'Tis never to late to do good——

Fre. Good !

Gri. Yes—you have been in danger.

Kar. Have we ? thank you for your news.

Gri. You have been watched by the banditti.

Fre. So it appears.

Kar. But how did you know it ?

Gri. (*confused*) There is my proof. (*pointing to the body of Riber*)

Kar. But how the plague got you into the house ; through a rat-hole ?

Fre. Explain ?

Gri. Few words will do that :—on my return to the mill I found you might repose there better than in this house ; at all events I knew you would be safer in my care.

Fre. Safer ! proceed—what mean you ?

Kar. Safer ! (*aside*)

Gri. Kelmar !

Fre. Hah !

Gri. Had you no suspicion of him ?—no mistrust of his wish to—to detain you ?

Fre. I confess, I—

Gri. (*to Karl*) The poniard you obtained in the forest, that you refused to give me—

Kar. This !

Gri. Is Kelmar's !

Fre. Wretch !

Kar. I thought so ; I found the sheath here.

Gri. I knew it instantly—my suspicions were aroused ; now they are confirmed ; Kelmar is in league with these marauders ; I found the door open, you still slep, I searched the house for him, he is no where to be found, he and his daughter have absconded : are you satisfied ?

Fre. I am.

Kar. I am not ; I wish we were safe at home. I'm no coward by day-light, but I hate adventures of this kind in the dark.

Gri. Follow me; you cannot mistake, see 'tis day-break: at the cottage close to the narrow bridge that passes the ravine you will find repose.

Fre. We'll follow you.

Kar. Lord! how a man may be deceived? I took you for a great rogue now, but I find you are a good christian, though you are a very ill-looking man.

Gri. We can't all be as handsome as you—

[*exit Grindoff*

Kar. No, nor as witty as you; I don't half like that fellow yet. (*gets the portmanteau*) Now the sooner we are off the better, sir. As for this fellow, the rats may take care of him.

(*a shriek heard without—Frederick draws his sword, and rushes out*)

Fre. Karl—follow me!

Kar. What more adventures! I'm ready. I say, (*to the body of Riber*) take care of the portmantua, will you? [*exit*

SCENE II—*the forest*—GRINDOFF *is seen concealing himself in the secret rock—he lets down the flat stone and disappears as* FREDERICK *in haste enters.*

Fre. Gone! vanished! can it be possible? sure 'tis witchcraft. I was close upon him—Karl! the cries of her he dragged with him too have ceased, and not the faintest echo of his retiring footpath can be heard—Karl!

enter KARL.

Kar. O lord! pho, that hill's a breather: why where is he? did't you overtake him?

Fre. No, in this spot he disappeared and sunk, as it should seem ghost-like, into the very earth——follow!

Kar. Follow! follow a will-o-the-wisp!

Fre. Quick, aid me to search.

Kar. Search out a ghost; mercy on us, not I.

Fre. He must be near.

Kar. So much the worse. I hate spirits and bugs-booes, and all their kin; can't abide 'em.

Fre. Ridiculous.

Kar. So I think—I'll follow you through the world fight for you the best cock giant robber of 'em all; bu

if you are for hunting goblins, I'm off.—Hey; where the devil's the woman though? if she was a spirit, she made more noise than any lady alive.;

Fre. Perchance the villain so close pursued has destroyed his victim.

Kar. No doubt on't; he's killed her to a certainty; nothing but death can stop a woman's tongue.

Fre. (*having searched in vain*) From the miller we may gain assistance; Grindoff no doubt is acquainted with every turn and outlet of the forest; he cannot escape us—quick, attend me to the mill. (*exit*

Kar. Rat me if I'll run after the girl—why should I? they never run after me; I know the tricks on 'em—they are all deceptions and full of mischief like a barrel of gunpowder: they are like—they are like a law-suit; and a law-suit's like a devil's kettle, in which every thing that's disagreeable is boiled up together. None on 'em ever took delight in me, except it was to vex and jilt me. Ever since Wilhelmina slighted my passion I have forsworn the sex; and all alone by myself have struggled through life like a fly in treacle—

[*exit Karl*

SCENE III—*the cavern—music—robbers discovered asleep in different parts*—LOTHAIR *as on guard with a carbine, stands beneath the magazine.*

Lot. Ere this it must be day-light—yet Grindoff returns not—perchance their foul intent has failed—the fatal blow designed for Friberg may have fallen upon himself. How tedious drags the time when fear, suspense, and doubt thus weigh upon the heart!—oh, Kelmar, beloved Claudine, you little know my peril, (*looks at the various groups of banditti, and carefully rests his carbine at the foot of the rugged steps leading to the magazine*) While yet this drunken stupor makes their sleep most death-like—let me secure a terrible but just revenge. If their infernal purpose be accomplished, this is their reward—(*draws a coil of furze from his bosom*) These caverns that spread beneath the mill, have various outlets, and in the fissures of the rock the train will lie unnoticed—can I but reach the magazine?

music—Lothair retiers cautiously, as he places his foot over the body of a robber, who is seen asleep on the steps

leading to the magazine—by accident he touches the carbine which slips down—the robber alters his position while Lothair stands over him—but again reposes—Lothair advances up the steps—as he arrives at the magazine, Wolf's signal is heard from above, the robbers instantly start up, and Lothair at the same moment springs from the steps, and seizing his carbine stands in his previous attitude—immediately WOLF *is seen descending the opening on the right with* CLAUDINE *senseless in his arms.*

Robbers. The signal!

Go. Wolf! we rejoice with you.

Lot. Have you been successful?

Gri. (*having set down Claudine*) So far I have.

Lot. Claudine—merciful powers! (*aside*) But Kelmar—

Gri. Shall not long escape me—Kelmar once secure, his favourite, my redoubted rival, young Lothair, may next require attention. Where is Ravina?—oh, you are come.

enter RAVINA.

Ra. I am; what is your will?

Gri. That you attend Claudine;—treat her as you would treat me.

Ra. I will be sure on't.

Gri. Look you fail not. Lead her in. (*Ravina assisted leads off Claudine*) I cannot wait her recovery, danger surrounds us.

Robbers. Danger!

Gri. Ay, every eye must be vigilant, every heart resolved—Riber has been stabbed.

Lot. Then Friberg—

Gri. Has escaped.

Lot. Thank heaven!

re-enter RAVINA.

Gri. How?

Lot. Friberg is still reserved for me.

Gri. Be it so—your firmness shall be proved.

Ra. So—one act of villany is spared you; pursue your fate no farther—desist, be warned in time.

Gri. Fool! could woman's weakness urge me to re-

treat, my duty to our band would now make such repentance treachery.

Robbers. Noble captain!

Gri. Mark you, my comrades! Kelmar has fled; left his house!—no doubt for the chateau Friberg. The suspicions of the count are upon him. All mistrust of me is banished from his mind, and I have lured him and his companion to the cottage of our lost comrade Riber.

Lot. How came Claudine to fall into your power!

Gri. I encountered her alone as I left Kelmar's cottage. She had been to seek her father; I seized the opportunity, and conveyed her to the secret pass in the forest; her cries caused me to be pursued, and one instant later I had fallen into their hands; by this time they have recovered the path-way to the mill. Spiller shall supply Riber's place—be prepared to meet them at the Flask, and prove yourself——

Lot. The man I am; I swear it.

Gri. Enough, I am content.

Ra. Content!—such guilt as thine can never feel content. Never will thy corroded heart have rest—Years of security have made you rash, incautious; wanton in thy cruelty; and you will never rest until your mistaken policy destroys your band.

Gri. No more of this—her discontent is dangerous—Spiller!—when you are prepared to leave the cavern, make fast the door; Ravina shall remain here confined until our work above is finished.

Lot. I understand—

Gri. Golotz and the rest—who are wont to cheer our revels with your music, be in waiting at the Flask, as travellers, wandering Savoyards—till the count and his followers are safe within our toils; the delusion may spare us trouble. I know them resolute and fierce—and should they once suspect, though our numbers overpower them, the purchase may cost us dear:—away—time presses. Spiller—remember!—

[*exit Gri. and robbers*

Lot. Fear me not—you soon shall know me.

(as Wolf, &c. go off, Lothair immediately runs up the the steps to the magazine, and places the fuze within,

closes the door, and directs it towards the trap by which he first entered the cave)

Ra. Now then hold firm my heart and hand; one act of vengeance, one dreadful triumph, and I meet henceforth the hatred, the contempt of Wolf without a sigh. Accustomed here to scenes of death, deeds that once had made me shrink with horror, degenerate nature now consents to act—(*in great agitation*)

(*she advances to the table, and taking a phial from her bosom pours it into a cup—some liquor on it—and goes cautiously across the stage to where Claudine has been conducted*)

Ra. As she revives—ere yet her bewildered senses proclaim her situation, she will drink—and—and

(*Lothair who has watched the conduct of Ravina, at this moment seizes the cup and casts it away*)

Lot. Hold, mistaken woman; is this your pity for the unfortunate—of your own sex too? are you the advocate of justice and mercy—who dare condemn the cruelty of Wolf—yet with thy own hand would'st destroy an innocent fellow creature—broken-hearted, helpless and forlorn? O shame!—shame!—

Ra. And who is he that dares to school me thus?

Lot. Who am I?

Ra. Ay! that talk of justice and of mercy, yet pant to shed the blood of Friberg!

Lot. (*aside*) Now, dared I trust her—I must, there is no resource, for they'll be left together. Ravina—say, what motive urged you to attempt an act that I must believe is hateful to your nature?

Ra. Have I not cause?—ample cause?

Lot. I may remove it.

Ra. Can you remove the pangs of jealousy?

Lot. I can—Claudine will never be the bride of Wolf.

Ra. Who can prevent it?

Lot. Her husband.

Ra. Is it possible?

Lot. Be convinced—Claudine, Claudine!

Cla. (*entering*) 'Tis he, 'tis he, then I am safe. Ah! who are these, and in what dreadful place?

Lot. Beloved Claudine, can this diguise conceal?

Cla. Lothair—I was not deceived. (*falls into his arms*)

Ra. Lothair!

Lot. Ay, her affianced husband;—Ravina, our lives are in your power; preserve them and save yourself; one act of glorious repentance, and the blessings of the surrounding country are yours. Observe!

(*music—Lothair points to the magazine—shows the train to Ravina, and explains his intention—then gives a phosphorus bottle which he shows the purpose of—she comprehends him—Claudine's action, astonishment and terror—Lothair opens the trap*)

—be careful, be cautious, I implore you;—convey the train where I may distinctly see you from without the mill; and above all let no anxiety of mind, no fear of failure urge you to fire the train, till I give the signal. —Remember, Claudine might be the victim of such fatal indiscretion.

Ra. But Wolf!

(*at this moment Wolf returns, and hearing his name halts at the back of the scene*)

Lot. Wolf with his guilty companions shall fall despised and execrated——Ah! remove the train. (*aside*)

Wolf. Villain!

(*levels a pistol at Lothair, Ravina utters an exclamation of horror—Claudine retreats, and removes the train to the foot of the steps*)

Lot. Hold!—you are deceived.

Wolf. Do you acknowledge it?—but 'tis the last time.

Lot. One moment.

Wolf. What further deception?

Lot. I have used none—hear the facts.

Wolf. What are they?

Lot. Hatred to thee—jealousy to the fair Claudine urged this woman to attempt *her* life. (*points to Claudine*)

Wolf. Indeed!—for what purpose was that pass disclosed? (*pointing to the trap*)

Lot. I dared not leave them together.

Wolf. Vain subterfuge—your threat of destruction on me and my companions!.

Lot. Was a mere trick, a forgery, a fabrication to appease her disappointed spirit, induce her to quit the cave, and leave Claudine in safety.

Wolf. Plausible hypocrite—Ravina has no weapon of destruction; how then?

Lot. Ah! we are saved (*aside*)—Behold, let conviction satisfy your utmost doubts.

(*he snatches the phial which Ravina has retained in her hand*)

Wolf. (*looking on the label*) Poison!—you then are honest—Wolf unjust; I can doubt no longer. Fiend! descend instantly, in darkness and despair anticipate a dreadful punishment. (*music*)

(*Ravina clasps her hands in entreaty, and descends the trap, which is closed violently by Wolf*)

Wolf. Now Spiller, follow me.

(*Wolf take his broad miller's hat which had caused his return, and exit—Lothair following, and looking back significantly at Claudine, who then advances, cautiously opens the trap, gives the train to Ravina—and exit to the side to where she was first conducted—music appropriate during this*)

SCENE IV—*a hut—the cottage of Riber—the sign of the flask—enter* FREDERICK.

Fre. How long must these perplexing strange events keep me from my home, my friends, my wife? wearied with the toils of war on the wings of expectation I flew to the enjoyment of repose and peace! well, a few short hours, and patience—

enter KARL.

Kar. Patience!—haven't a drop left. O, Lord! my head buzzes like a bee in a bottle! (*taking a case bottle from his pocket*)

Fre. This must be the house!

Kar. Clear as day-light; look, sir, the "Flask!"—soon replenish our stock now; oh, and there stands the mill!—I suppose old rough and tough, master Grindoff, will be here presently. Well, I'm glad we are in the right road at last; for such ins and outs, and ups and downs, and circumbendibusses, in that forest I never—

Fre. True; we may now obtain guides and assistance to pursue that ruffian!—

Kar. Pursue again!—not to save all the sex—flesh blood can't stand this. (*aside*)

Fre. (*abstracted*) Yet after so long an absence delay is undoubtedly irksome—could I but see her my heart doats on!

Kar. Ah! could I but see what my heart doats on! a plate of alamode beef.

Fre. My sweet Lauretta—

Kar. A dish of sour crout.

Fre. Fool!

Kar. Fool! so I mus'nt enjoy a good dinner even in imagination. Eating and drinking seems to be high treason now-a-days.

Fre. Still complaining!

Kar. How can I help it, sir? I can't live upon air as you do.

Fre. You had plenty last night!

Kar. So I had last Christmas, sir: and what sort of a supper was it after all?—one apple, two pears, three bunches of sour grapes, and a bowl of milk: one of your forest meals—I can't abide such a cruel cold diet—Oh for a bumper of brandy! but unfortunately, my digestion keeps pace with my appetite—I'm always hungry.

[*music heard within the Flask.*]

Fre. Hush!

Kar. What's that? somebody tickling a harp into fits? soft music always makes me melancholy.

Fre. Go into the house—stay; remember I would be private.

Kar. Private! in a public house. Oh, I understand, incog; but the miller knows you, sir.

Fre. That's no reason all his people should.

Kar. I smoke; they'd be awed by our dignity and importance—poor things, I pity 'em: they are not used to polished society.—Holloa! house! landlord! mr. Flask.

enter LOTHAIR.

Good entertainment here for man and beast, I'm told.

Lot. You are right.

Kar. Well! here's master and I!

Lot. You are welcome. I dare not say otherwise; Wolf is on the watch. [*aside—Wolf appears at a window*]

Kar. Have you got any thing ready? [*smacking his lips*]

Lot. Too much, I fear.

Kar. Not a bit, I'll warrant. I'm devilish sharp set.

Lot. Well, you are just in pudding time.

Kar. Pudding! have you got no meat?

Lot. I must ask him; [*aside, and looking around anxiously*] won't your master—

Kar. No! he lives upon love; but don't be alarmed, I'll make it worth your while; I'm six meals in arrear, and can swallow enough for both of us. [*exit Karl with Lothair to the Flask—Wolf, who has watched, closes the window*]

Fre. Yes, I'm resolved; the necessity for passing the river must by this time have urged the peasantry to re-establish the ferry; delay is needless. I'll away instantly to the chateau Friberg, and with my own people return to redress the wrongs of my oppressed and suffering tenantry—[*enter* KARL] well, your news?

Kar. Glorious!—the landlord, Mr. Flask, is a man after my own heart, a fellow of five meals a day.

Fre. Pshaw!—who are the musicians?

Kar. Ill-looking dogs, truly;—Savoyards, I take it; one plays on a thing like a frying-pan, the other turns something that sounds like a young grindstone.

Fre. What else?

Kar. As fine an imitation of a shoulder of mutton as ever I clapt my eyes on.

enter KELMAR, *exhausted by haste and fatigue.*

Fre. Kelmar!

Kel. Ah! the count and his companion, thank heaven I am arrived in time, my master will be saved, though Claudine, my poor unhappy child, is lost.

Kar. Lost, is she?—no great catch for him that finds her.

Kel. Fly, I beseech you! fly from this spot! do not question me; this is no time for explanations: one moment longer, and you are betrayed—your lives irrecoverably sacrificed.

Fre. Would you again deceive us?

Kel. I have been myself deceived; fatally deceived. Oh, my dear child!—let an old man's prayers prevail with you; leave, oh, leave this accursed place——

enter GRINDOFF.

—Ah! the miller!—then has hope forsaken me—yet one ray—one effort more, and—

Gri. Thy treachery is known. [*he seizes Kelmar by the collar*]

Kel. One successful effort more, and death is welcome.

Gri. Villain!

Kel. Thou art the villain—see—behold!

[with a violent effort of strength, the old man suddenly turns upon the miller, and tears open his vest, beneath which he appears armed—Grindoff, at the same instant, dashes Kelmar from him, who impelled forward is caught by Frederick—Frederick draws his sword—Wolf draws pistols in each hand from side-pockets, his hat falling off at the same instant—music]

Fre. 'Tis he! the same! 'tis Wolf!

Gri. Spiller! Golotz! [rushes out]

Kar. It is Wolf? damn his pistols; this shall reach him.

[throws down the poniard and catching Frederick's sword hastens after Wolf—the report of a pistol is immediately heard]

Fre. Cheerly, old heart; how fares it?

Kel. Well!—very well!—but stay not here—away, away—I have brought assistance; your people are at hand. [exit Fred. and Kelmar

at the same moment GOLOTZ, followed by LOTHAIR, bursts from the house.

Go. We are called, Wolf called us!—ah! they have discovered him.

Lot. 'Tis too late to follow him, he has reached the bridge.

Go. Then he is safe; but see, at the foot of the hill, armed men, in the Friberg uniform, press forward to the mill.

Lot. This way, we must meet them then; in, into the subterranean pass. [exit Golotz] Now, Claudine, thy sufferings shall cease, and thy father's wrongs shall be revenged.

SCENE THE LAST—discovers a near view of the mill standing on an elevated projection from the foreground, a narrow bridge passes to the rocky promontory across the ravine—music—RAVINA appears ascending the gully with the fuze, which she places carefully in the crannies of the rock.

Ra. My toil is over; the train is safe. From this spot I may receive the signal from Lothair; and at one blow, the hapless victims of captivity and insult are amply, dreadfully avenged. Ah! Wolf! [she retires]

GRINDOFF enters, as pursued, and turning, fires his remaining pistol—then hurries across the bridge, which he instantly turns in the manner of a canal-bridge—KARL, following.]

Gri. [with a shout of great exultation] Ha! ha! you strive in vain.

Kar. Cowardly rascal! you will be caught at last.

Gri. By whom?

Kar. Your only friend, Beelzebub; run as fast as you will, he'll trip up your heels at last.

Gri. Fool—hardy slave: I have sworn never to descend from this spot alive, unless with liberty.

Kar. Oh, we'll accommodate you; you shall have liberty to ascend from it;—the wings of your own mill shall be the gallows, and fly with every rascal of you into the other world.

Gri. Golotz!—Golotz, I say! [calling towards the mill]

enter FREDERICK with KELMAR, and the attendants from the chateau Friberg, armed with sabres, in uniform.

Fre. Wretch! your escape is now impossible. Surrender to the injured laws of your country.

Gri. Never. The brave band that now await my commands within the mill, double your number. Golotz!

LOTHAIR *in the cloak of Golotz, enters from a small door in the mill, concealing his faceas much as possible without its appearing intentional.*

Gri. Quick—let my bride appear [*exit Lothair—at the same instant,* RAVINA *enters in front—Grindoff starts.*

Ra. She is here! what would you!

Gri. Ravina! traitress!

Ra. Traitress! what then art thou? but I come not here to parley;—ere it be too late, make one atonement for thy injuries: restore this old man's child.

Kel. Does she still live?

Gri. She does; but not for thee, or for the youth Lothair.

Ra. Then do I know my course—obdurate man, thy career of infamy and guilt is over.

enter LOTHAIR, *conducting* CLAUDINE *from the mill—his cloak concealing him.*

Cla. Oh, my dear father!

Kel. My child! Claudine—oh! spare, in pity spare her.

Gri. Now, mark; unless you instantly withdraw your followers, and let my troop pass free, by my hand she dies!

Kel. Oh, mercy!

Fre. Hold yet a moment!

Gri. Withdraw your followers.

Fre. Till thou art yielded up to justice, they never shall depart.

Gri. For that threat, be this your recompence!

Lot. And this my triumph! [*music*]

Lothair throws aside the cloak, and his natural complexion is seen—he throws himself before Claudine, and receives Grindoff's attack—the robber is wounded, and staggers back, sounds his bugle, and the mill is crowded with banditti—Lothair, having caught Claudine in his arms, and previously thrown back the bridge upon his release from Grindoff, hurries across it, and as he is on it, cries, "Now, Ravina, now fire the train." *Ravina instantly sets fire to the fuze, the flash of which is seen to run down the side of the rock into the gully under the bridge, from which she has ascended, and the explosion immediately takes place—Kelmar, rushing forward, catches Claudine in his arms, and the whole form a group as the curtain descends.*

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